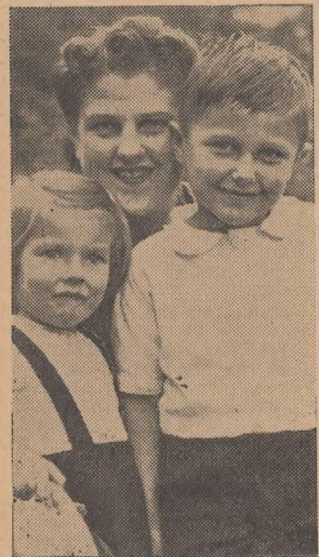


## WHERE WAS THE BODY OF MAMIE STUART?

### Hullo Daddy! David and Janette are Signalling Tel. Frank Crossland



YOUR five-year-old son David is getting quite an artist these days, Frank. He's drawn with her toys, she just takes a big double-decker corporation them to David, and he mends them, sure enough.

Janette's private ambition, which she confided in us, is "To go round the world, like Daddy."

Other latest news from home, Frank, is that your brother Leonard is now in Malta and enjoying life in the "George Cross Island." Leonard is now an L.A.C. in the R.A.F.

## THESE CRAZY RECORDS

HOW long can you make a pipe last? Sixty smokers assembled in Vancouver recently to solve just this problem.

By keeping his one-eighth ounce of tobacco alight for an hour and fifty-seven minutes, one of the men broke a world record.

Not long ago, in precisely the same time, a Yarmouth man with deft fingers broke the record for knitting a regulation Navy sock. John Cann was the only man to enter for the world's straight needle-knitting contest—but he won.

Another handy man, who claims to be the world's champion packer, squeezed 187 different objects into a match-box, and may have shared the pride of the Tokio pickle dealer who won the title of champion fly-watter by bumping-off 180,000 flies in one day.

It was a man, too—George Hoffield—who won the world's typewriting contest for the British Empire by rapping out

139 words a minute for an hour from unfamiliar print.

Mr. Kardos, of Budapest, can give a close shave in 28 secs., a second off the previous record, and several snicks removed from ordinary barbers who have to keep their customers waiting.

Louise Brown holds the world's record with eighty consecutive spins on the toe of one foot.

Eleanor Powell claims to be the champion tap-dancer, with more taps to the second than anyone else on earth.

A San Francisco couple broke the continuous dance record by dancing 18 hours 16 minutes.

And if you can kiss, Paul-ette Day would be worth beating—she holds the continuous kiss record with Lee Knight of 6 hours 37 minutes.

"Dear Sir," wrote the U.S. Naval Lieutenant-Commander J. N. Patton to a newspaper, "I



Here's an Oregon lumberjack who's shaved for three years with an axe.

can tie 772 different knots—is this a record?"

An Australian has swung a club 17,000 times without stopping. Gus Simmons, of Chicago, sat on an ice block for 26 hours.

Alvin Kelly could have been scarcely more comfortable during the 300 days he spent on a flag-pole.

These records will take some beating. You're welcome to try!

RONALD GARTH

OF all the strange disappearances of girls in this country—and there have been many—perhaps the strangest is that of Mamie Stuart. The circumstances are crammed with mystery, contradictions, paradoxes, clues.

They begin with a wedding. In March, 1918, Mamie Stuart, beautiful daughter of a sea captain in Sunderland, signed her name in the Registrar's Office, South Shields. The bridegroom gave his name as George Shotton and his occupation as marine surveyor, of Penarth, Cardiff. His age was about 40, hers 25.

Two clerks were the witnesses to the marriage.

In February the following year (1919) Mr. and Mrs. Shotton, as they were known by their acquaintances, left South Shields and went to live in a house in Trafalgar Terrace, Swansea, and there Mamie Stuart (or Shotton) became very friendly with the occupier, Mrs. Hearn.

The young couple seemed fairly happy. From that address it appears they went to live at a house at Newton, near the Mumbles, on Swansea Bay. But in July, 1919, Mamie informed Mrs. Hearn that she was going back home to Sunderland. Mrs. Hearn saw her off on the train.

A peculiar fact is that no-body seems to have seen Mamie at Newton; no postman, tradesman or passer by. The only indication that she was ever at the house in the bay was contained in a letter she wrote to her married sister in Sunderland, giving the house as her future address.

On November 6, she left Sunderland for Swansea. Again there is a gap. Nobody observed her in Swansea, but she certainly arrived there, for the railway ticket issued to her in Sunderland passed through the railway clearing house after having been given up at the termination of the journey. Further proof is the fact that she dispatched a telegram to her parents announcing her safe arrival.

Then, in a letter-card, undated, but bearing the Swansea postmark of November 12, she acknowledged the receipt of a letter from her parents, and stated that she was going to live in "a big house, away from everybody for miles." But the house at Newton was not "big," and was not "miles from everybody."

### THE TELEGRAM.

Her parents, however, wrote to that address—and a week later their letter was returned through the Dead Letter Office marked "House Closed." After that, silence, until Christmas Eve, when a telegram, purporting to come from Mamie, arrived at Sunderland, wishing her parents the compliments of the season. And then another long silence.

The next step in the drama was a request that reached her parents through the police, asking them if they could identify certain articles of clothing which, deliberately mutilated, had been found in a kitbag left unclaimed for weeks at a Swansea hotel.

The articles were proved to be Mamie Stuart's property, and when her parents stated that they had not heard from her, and wanted to know, the police began investigations.

One of the first facts brought to light was that no-body answering Mamie's description had stayed at the hotel. But what had happened to Mamie?

George Shotton was questioned, the police made searches, and the result was that Shotton was charged with

bigamy. He had, the police said, been married at Newport, Monmouth, in the year 1915, his wife was still alive and they had a child.

Scotland Yard took on the job, and sent Inspector Draper, of the C.I.D., to take charge of the situation. A description of the missing girl was circulated throughout the country. The newspapers, too, took up the hunt. The police went to the houses where she had stayed with Shotton and searched the premises. Gardens were dug up. No trace of Mamie Stuart.

### BIGAMY TRIAL.

Shotton was brought up for trial at the Glamorgan Assizes in July, 1920, and the proceedings were remarkable in that the police had to confess they were unable to find Mamie, and, therefore, could not call her as a witness to her wedding.

Shotton's defence was equally remarkable. He was defended by Sir E. Marlay Samson, K.C., and his case was that he never had "married" Mamie Stuart at South Shields, although he had lived with her at certain addresses and in hotels.

Questioned about letters in which he had addressed her as his "darling wife," he explained that this was agreed between him and Mamie; and that when they stayed anywhere they had to register as husband and wife. He said the last time he saw Mamie was on December 5th or 6th, in Oxford-street, Swansea, when they quarrelled and she told him that she was "going to somebody who could keep her better."

### THE SIGNATURE.

He admitted that the signature in the Registrar's office in South Shields was similar to his own. He admitted that after the quarrel he had found some of Mamie's clothes at the house where they stayed, and that he had taken the articles and left them at a hotel.

He denied that he had ill-treated Mamie, as she alleged in a letter to a friend; and his counsel read letters which Mamie wrote suggesting that she had become friendly with some other man.

Sir Marlay Samson put forward the theory that Mamie had persuaded a man to impersonate Shotton at the wedding cere-

mony at South Shields, so that she could produce the certificate to her parents.

The jury took five minutes to find their verdict—Guilty.

The Judge, Mr. Justice Ivory, in passing sentence, told Shotton he had aggravated his offence by perjury. He sentenced him to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.

George Shotton collapsed. And where was Mamie Stuart, the gay, beautiful girl, who had disappeared?

The police received many reports of her "being seen" in Hastings, Cardiff and elsewhere. She was even said to be alive and well in America. And then in India.

The last report came from an officer of the U.S. "Blythmoor," who met a party of girls visiting his ship in Karachi. The girls belonged to a touring theatrical company. The officer, who said he had known Mamie from childhood, being a native of Sunderland, said to one of the girls, "You are Mamie Stuart, aren't you?" The girl denied it.

A Brighton spiritualist claimed to have lifted the veil of mystery. This spiritualist wrote that Mamie was "in the spirit world," and that her body was buried "about a yard deep under a red-brick floor, buried in her clothes."

The police received this letter, but they did not find Mamie's body.

Nobody ever did find her. I have my own theory why.

### WAS SHE DEAD?

If Mamie Stuart had grounds for her complaint of "ill-treatment," all she needed to do was to come forward at the bigamy trial, or before it. Her evidence would have freed her from "ill-treatment." If she thought she was married the same effect would have been attained.

And I believe she thought she was married. She did not come forward because, I believe, she was dead.

It was to be regretted that the spiritualist could not define the spot where she was "buried in her clothes." For I fancy that Mamie Stuart died (by violence, perhaps) some time about those gaps in her correspondence with her parents. Who sent that telegram at Christmas time? Mamie may have been dead then and so, alas, was silenced for ever.





Periscope  
PageQUIZ  
for today

1. What is a tup?
2. Who wrote (a) East Lynne, (b) East of Suez?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why? Plum, Apricot, Greengage, Strawberry, Cherry, Damson.
4. What is the mulligrubs?
5. Where is Wagga-wagga?
6. If you had myopia, would you give up shaving, turn tee-total, wear glasses, see a chiropodist, or gargle with salt water?
7. What is meant by hircine?
8. What is the wattle?
9. Who was Mr. Bucket?
10. Who said, "Lay on, Mac-Duff"?
11. When was printing introduced into England?
12. Between what two towns did the Romans build Watling Street?

Answers to Quiz  
in No. 141

1. A badger.
2. (a) R. L. Stevenson, (b) Longfellow.
3. Mare is female; the others are male.
4. A dish of rice, fish and onions.
5. Ceylon.
6. Shark's skin.
7. A mania for destroying things by fire.
8. An American laurel.
9. The Bear in Kipling's "Jungle Book."
10. Thomas Gray.
11. 1801.
12. The Greek god of the countryside.

## MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together.

- (a) COST ME SIX CUES.
- (b) SPOILT SHIP.

(Answer on Page 3)

## NUMERICAL PUZZLE

IN the spot of addition below the three blank numbers tot up to 999. Can you fill in the nine blanks with each of the figures from 1 to 9, so that the first number is three times the second number?

999

(Answers on Page 3)

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 2 Free. 9 Overhead.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10			11			12
13				14			
15				16		17	
18			19	20		21	
	22	23			24		
25	26			27			28
29	30				31		32
33			34	35			
36		37					38
39				40			

- 11 Punctuation mark.
- 13 Well-known.
- 14 American mammal.
- 15 United family.
- 17 Trundle.
- 18 Still.
- 19 Bird.
- 21 A Surrey river.
- 22 Jobs without work.
- 26 Waterman's blade.
- 27 Obstruct.
- 29 Search.
- 31 Prohibit.
- 33 Happen later.
- 35 Fruit drink.
- 36 Current year.
- 37 Mountain ash.
- 38 While.
- 39 Number.
- 40 Beauty.

MELLOW HAVE  
AXE NATIVE  
RUMP DEPEND  
ADO GEM RUE  
TENON PATES  
H WAVER I  
OFFER STING  
NIL LIT RAN  
SLATED SAVE  
CRADLE TAR  
WHEY EXPELS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Ornamental.
- 2 Turns.
- 3 Smooth.
- 4 Went first.
- 5 Part of play.
- 6 Fly high.
- 7 Authorised.
- 8 Betimes.
- 10 Trunks.
- 12 Linear measures.
- 16 Dry (of wine).
- 19 Possessive pronoun.
- 20 Small jump.
- 23 Sort.
- 24 Deep gorge.
- 25 Forward.
- 28 Prickly shrub.
- 30 Open.
- 32 Duck.
- 34 Age.
- 35 Vehicle.

## The Strange Bed

By WILKIE COLLINS

different articles of furniture, and did nothing more.

There was, first, the bed I was lying in, a thorough, clumsy four-poster bed, with the regular top lined with chintz, the regular fringed valance all round.

Then there was the marble-topped wash-hand stand. Then two small chairs, with my coat, waistcoat and trousers flung on them. Then a large elbow-chair, with my cravat and shirt collar thrown over the back. Then a chest of drawers, and the dressing-table, adorned by a very small looking-glass, and a very large pin-cushion. Then the window, an unusually large window.

Then a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers. A swarthy, sinister ruffian, looking upward, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking intently upward.

The picture put a kind of constraint upon me to look upward, too, at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy, and not an interesting, object; and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat; they stood out in relief—three white, two green.

I counted the feathers again—three white, two green. Then, in an instant, I found myself, I neither knew why nor wherefore, looking hard at the picture, very hard.

Looking for what? Good God! the man had pulled his hat down on his brows! No, the hat itself was gone! Where were the feathers—three white, two green? Not there. In place of the hat and feathers, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead, his eyes, his shading hand?

Was the bed moving? I turned on my back and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? Giddy again? Or was the top of the bed really moving down, sinking slowly, regularly, silently, horribly, right down throughout the whole of its length and breadth, right down upon me, as I lay underneath?

My blood seemed to stand still. A deadly, paralysing coldness stole over me, as I turned my head round on the pillow, and determined to test whether the bed-top was really moving or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture.

The next look in that direction was enough. The dull, black, frowzy outline of the valance above me was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. I still looked; and steadily, and slowly, very slowly, I saw the figure, and the line of frame below the figure, vanish.

## JANE

I THINK YOU HAVE BEEN VERY SWEET AND UNDERSTANDING ABOUT THE KING AND ME, CLOTILDE!

WHY, DEAR JANE, I AM GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR KEEPING HIM OUT OF MISCHIEF—AND PERSUADING HIM TO STAND UP TO HAGEN.



I looked up motionless, speechless, breathless. The candle, fully spent, went out, but the moonlight still brightened the room. Down and down, without pausing and without sounding, came the bed-top; and my panic seemed to bind me faster and faster to the mattress on which I lay. Down and down it sank, till the dusty odour from the lining of the canopy came stealing into my nostrils.

At that final moment, the instinct of self-preservation startled me out of my trance,

stantly on my knees to watch the bed top. I was literally spellbound by it. If I had heard footsteps behind me, I could not have turned round; if a means of escape had been miraculously provided for me, I could not have moved to take advantage of it. The whole life in me was, at that moment, concentrated in my eyes.

It descended; the whole canopy, with the fringe round it, came down, down, close down, so close that there was not room now to squeeze my finger between the bed-top and the bed. I felt at the sides, and discovered that what had appeared to me, from beneath, to be the ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed, was in reality a thick, broad mattress, the

WANGLING  
WORDS—104

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after AT, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of HAD MANGE, to make a town near London.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SONG into POEM, COAL into HOLE, DROP into KICK, DAYS into WEEK.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from TANTALISE?

Answers to Wangling  
Words—No. 103

1. ENTALMENT.
2. DEVONSHIRE.
3. HALF, HALE, HOLE, HOSE, HOST, HOOT, BOOT, BLOT, SLOT, SLIT, SUIT, QUIT, QUID, LONE, LORE, WORE, WORD, WOLD, WOLF, SLOW, SLOT, TROT, TOOT, TORT, TORE, SORE, SURE, QUIZ, QUIT, SUIT, SPIT, SPIN, SHIN, THIN, THAN, THAT, WHAT.
4. Late, Tale, Tail, Laid, Dale, Lead, Deal, Duel, Laud, Dial, etc.

Titled, Detail, Tailed.

stance selected for compression. The frightful apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. There had been no creaking as it came down; there was now not the faintest sound from the room above.

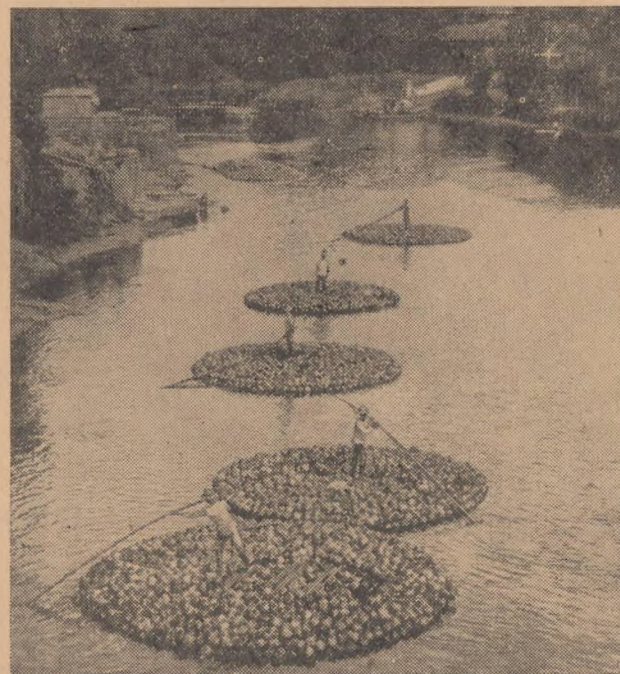
My cup of coffee had been drugged—but drugged too strongly. I had been saved from being smothered by an overdose of narcotic. How I had chafed and fretted at the fever-fit which had preserved my life by keeping me awake! How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep by the surest and most horrible contrivance for secretly accomplishing my destruction! How many men, winners like me, had slept, as I had proposed to sleep, in that bed, and had never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered at the bare idea of it.

Now, for the first time, I was able to move. If I betrayed, by the slightest noise, that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already? I listened intently, looking towards the door.

No no footsteps: absolute silence everywhere. Besides locking and bolting my door, I had moved an old wooden chest against it, which I had found under the bed. To remove this chest (my blood ran cold as I thought what its contents might be), without making some disturbance, was impossible; and, moreover, to think of escaping through the house, now barred up for the night, was sheer insanity. Only one chance was left me—the window. I stole to it on tiptoe.

(To be continued)

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman

## THE FOOD AND DRINK NUT.

You needn't guess what's on these rafts. We'll tell you right away. They are coconuts gathered from the plantations on the Dutch East Indies, and are being rafted up the stream to the station where they are marketed—and ultimately sent (some of them) to this country, where you may have a shy at them for "three balls a penny," or is it twopence now? The natives out in the East Indies call them the "food and drink" nuts.

and I moved at last. There was just room for me to roll myself sideways off the bed. As I dropped noiselessly to the floor, the edge of the murderous canopy touched me on the shoulder.

Without stopping to draw my breath, without wiping the cold sweat from my face, I rose in-

substance of which was concealed by the valance and its fringe. I looked up, and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bed-top was a huge wooden screw that had evidently worked it down through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked down on the sub-



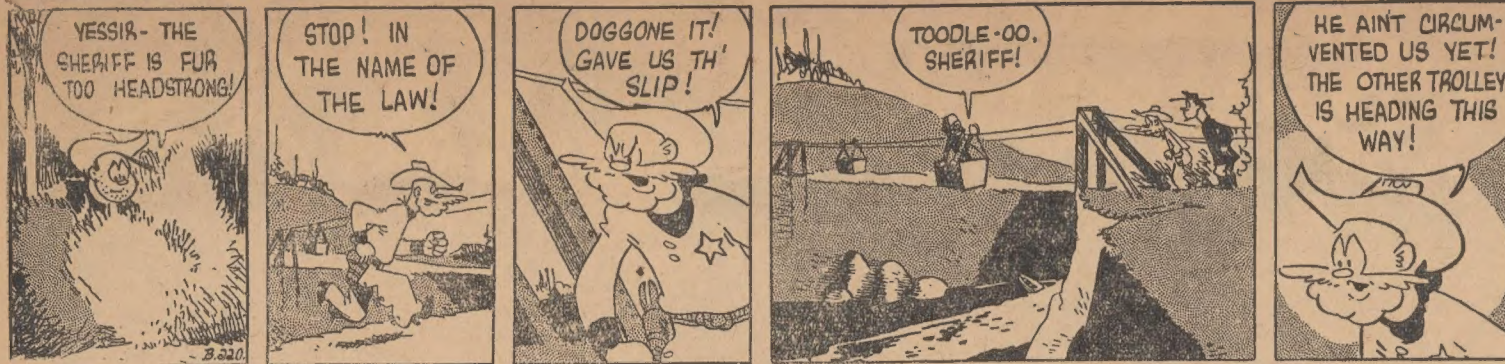
YOUR MAJESTY!—I—GREAT CORNUCOPIAS!—WHICH IS THE QUEEN?

GOOD HEAVENS!—THIS WINDOW IS LIKE A DOOR IN A FRENCH FARCE!—PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS POPPING IN AND OUT!!

OH, IT'S PETER THE PAGE—RETURNED SAFELY AT LAST!—I'M THE QUEEN NOW, PETER!



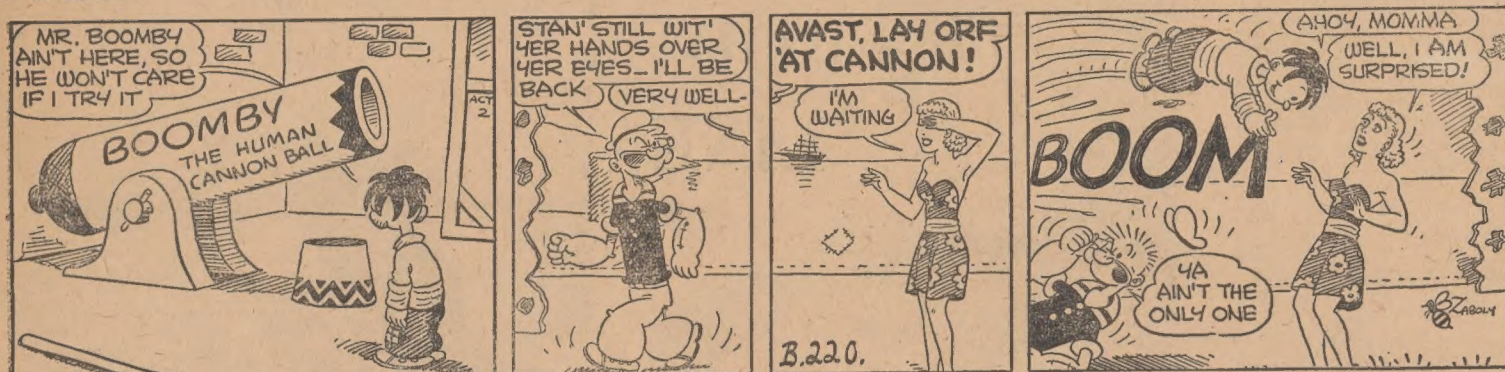
## BEELZEBUB JONES



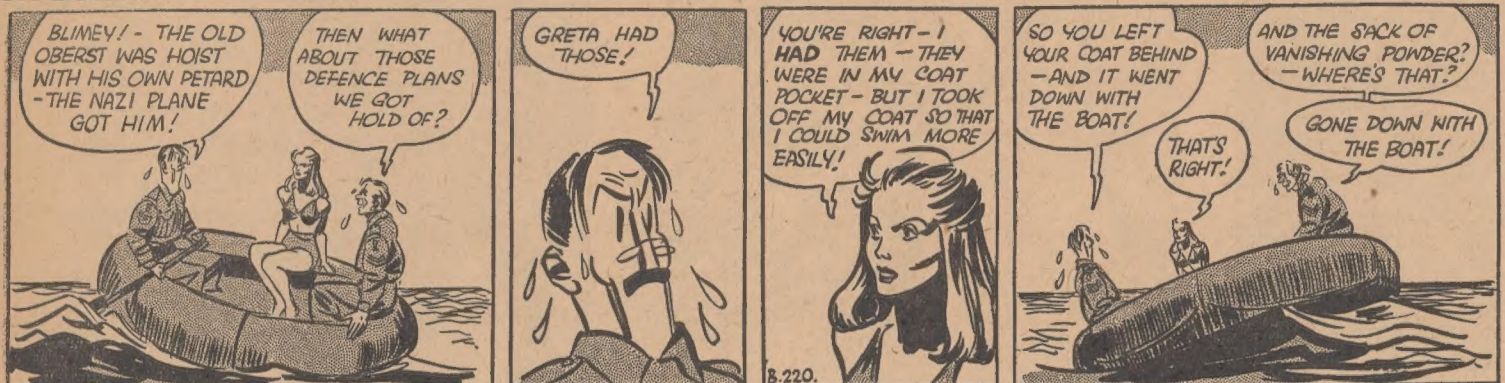
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



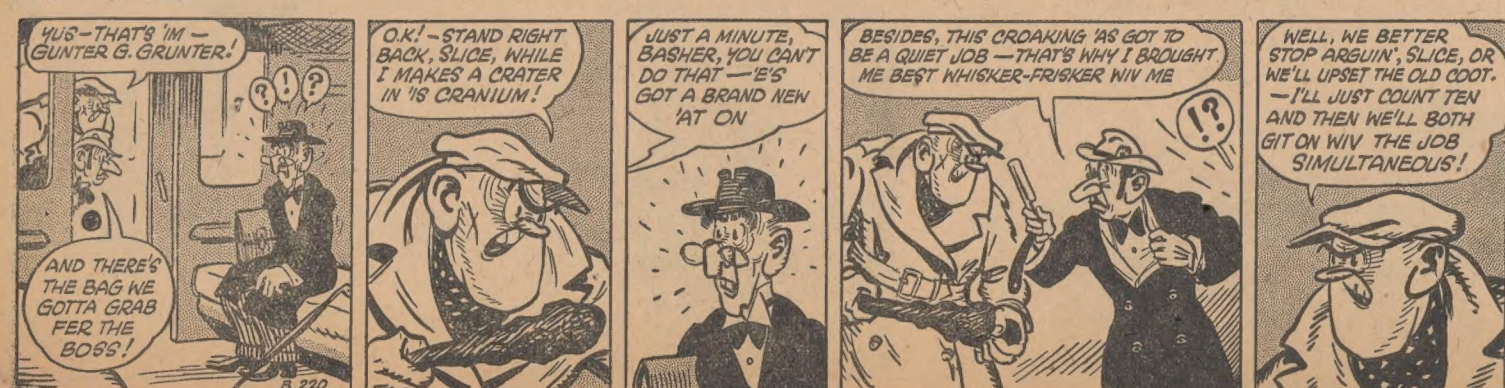
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Do you know these Places?

Asks MARTIN THORNHILL

THEY'RE putting back the signboards, so you'll see them all again, those quaint, intriguing names of places. How in the world do some get their names?

There is Penny Pot, in Surrey, its name from the then new herb ale which was sold to the locals at the historic price of a penny the pot. The alehouse that was is now the charming Penny Pot Cottage.

Speaking of pots and beer, somewhere in Yorkshire you are signposted to a place called Booze. It has no connection with beer or any other beverage, but derives its name from Bowhouse, meaning "house by the bow or curving hill."

Also in Surrey is Christmas Pie. A lot of Surrey folk bear the name Christmas, and Pie means a wood or copse. The village received its title from the woodland that flourished on the estate of Mr. Christmas, a one-time landowner of the district.

Hampshire provides a host of quaint names. In the New Forest there actually existed a piece of land that had no owner. A look-alike squatter named Dibden got wise, and took possession, and what was more natural than that the village which grew up adjoining it should take as its name Nomansland?

Near Whitchurch, same county, is Freefolk. Local people tell you that the serfs once revolted against the heavy taxes imposed by the Lord of the Manor. Free folk they wished to be, and the title has remained as the village's name.

Sometimes a name, not so quaint as many of its fellows, yet invites inquiry, as for example Purfleet, in Essex.

From a local headland Queen Bess watched her battle-scarred men-o-war toil up the Thames from their great tussle with the Armada. "Alas," she cried, "my poor fleet!" And an adaptation of her remark became the name of the settlement that then sprang up.

Mousehole (Cornwall) fisherfolk say their village owes its title to the mouse-hole snugness with which their houses are tucked away under the cliffs.

There's Pity Me, in Durham; it used to be Petit Mer, a small pool. In the same county is White Mare, with a similar origin.

What is the meaning of the prefix "Friday," sometimes the first part of a village name? It seems to come from Frea, pagan goddess of the Norsemen. Thorpe means a village. There is Fridaythorpe in Yorkshire, Fridayhill in Essex, and in Surrey a Friday Street.

The Gloucestershire village of Ready Token was once a stage-coach point, where fares were collected.

Frequently you find the mark of the returned Colonial wanderer. In Sussex is Washington; Boston and New York in Lincs; in the Fens a Denver; and elsewhere are Canada and America, and Quebec, Nova Scotia, Melbourne and Adelaide.

Who, beholding them, can resist such invitations as Red Roses and Stepside (Carmarthen); Hard To Come By, Come To Good, and London Apprentice (all Cornwall); Yorkshire's Butter Tubs and Blubberhouses; Nastey in Herts, and Ugley, a beauty spot in Essex; Ham Sandwich, Salome, Sparrowpit, Solomon's Tump, and the rest?

## Argue this out for yourselves

## THE RETURNED SOLDIER.

INDUSTRY should recognise now that the returned soldier is not the man he was when he left industry, and never will be the same man again. He is in many ways a better man, and industry should make full use of the Service man's experience and trade.

Major R. A. C. Radcliffe  
(Directorate of Welfare, War Office).

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE public schools represent an aristocratic tradition. Such a tradition is a valuable element in the life of the nation. One need not apologise for it by trying to democratise it, nor yet think it so priceless that everybody need have it. The public school system and the secondary school system have learnt much from each other, and let them continue to do so until there remains little separating them.

D. G. Williams  
(Headmaster, Crypt School, Gloucester).

## Answers to Mixed Doubles

- (a) CUSTOMS & EXCISE.  
(b) SPIT & POLISH.

## Solution to Numerical Puzzle

567 (567 is 3 times 189)  
189  
243



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

"Ooer! Just look at Derek, smoking his daddy's pipe — You cheeky thing, Derek. Ah! what does it matter — we're having a party, aren't we? Come on, girls. Whoopie!"

## This England



The tiny village of Branscombe, Devon, tucked away among the hills just outside Sidmouth. Possesses a Norman church.

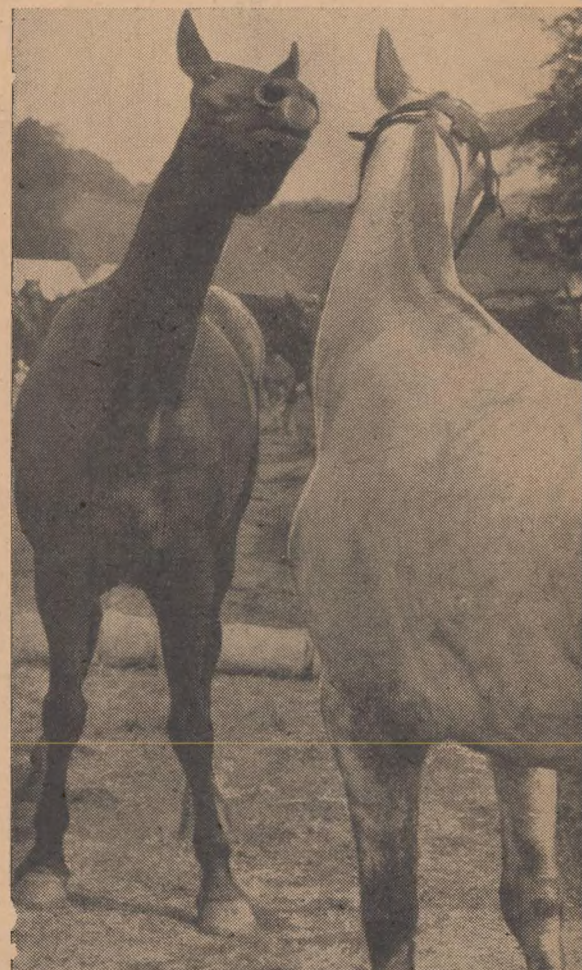


There's nothing like the comfort of old slippers, after a hard day at work. Even if we were exhausted, we would hesitate before turving out this young stowaway.



## BODY LINE

"My deah chappie, you can't lord it ovah me! You may be a Grey, but have you NEVER heard of the Life Guards?"



Paulette Goddard is credited with possessing the world's most beautiful body. Paramount SHOULD know

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"And here's a bit of fast body-line bowling"

